

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1875.

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MARCH.

By J. C. WALKER.
Ring out a passing knell—
Dead is the winter's day,
Over his grave let merrymen
And the golden crown spring.
The sun with his warm
Beams called him into rest,
And merrymen in walking dress
A new crown have won.
Winter's this morning born
Stands doubting where to tread,
The road dyes are in his eyes,
And the breaking clouds are red.
The wild winds are about
The merrymen's shining hair;
The bold crew sing the lower spring,
And the faint music rings.
Strew merrymen o'er his grave,
O merrymen fair to me!
A king lies low under the snow,
And has left his crown to thee.

THE RENEGADE CHIEF!

OR,
The Trail of the Scarlet Seven.
A Romance of the Fatal March.

By CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.
Author of "Wolf Day," "Lost Scales,"
"Silver Bluffs," "Wapiti,"
"Red, Red, Red, Red."

MARCH was going out like a lion. It was the March of 1875, and the storm that was in discordant notes the requiem of the bloody month, seemed determined to drive the northernmost foundation stones of Kennett Castle. Records will tell you, reader, that it was a mad night. Above the shrieking of the wind could be heard the rain, and the vivid flashes of lightning revealed the turbulent clouds rushing into the Severn. Dark and grim above the swelling torrent stood the castle whose name I have just written—great, magnificently pile of masonry, erected, as the style indicated, in the time of Edward the Confessor. It was replete with towers, domes, and the new seldom seen gables, and beyond the spacious courts were wide moats well furnished with draw.

From a single window far above the court, and near the strongest donjon on the keep, flashed a light that revealed a drenched suit and the pelting rain. It was the hour of midnight that the light in the armory of Kennett Castle shone brightest. Let us see what it revealed within the room, and hear what the skeleton knights in armor might have heard.

The chamber was long and, for an armory, quite wide. Its ceiling was high and artistically fretted, and a hundred varieties of ancient armor adorned the walls. Helms and hauberts that told the story of a Cressy or an Agincourt were there; and swords, battle-axes, and arquebuses without number.

But the occupants of the armory that stormy night? They were two men. The one who stood near the window, biting his lips and clenching his white hands, was tall, well built, and about thirty years of age. He had the look of a military man, though no insignia of the art of war adorned his person. He seemed born to command. His black eyes flashed proudly as it swept the room, and took in its warlike appointments; and the gleam of the flash remained when it fell upon his companion.

"I did not invite you here," he said, in a tone that proclaimed his words the continuation of an unpleasant talk. "You came to Kennett for the purpose of insulting me and mine."

"You have wronged me, Sir Martel Kennett," cried the second person, a youth who had not passed his first and twentieth year. "I will not insult the name of Kennett—no, I will have vengeance for my wrongs. I am a Mortyn—you know the name—and you shall curse it as you curse the fire of perdition. For the sake of the wife and mother in Kennett to-night, I spare you."

The tall man laughed, and moved towards a sword rack. "Fight me now—here, Llewellyn Mortyn!"

"I will not!"

"I dare you to the combat—sword and shield!"

The youth's face grew crimson, and his hands shook.

"You cannot provoke me," he said, looking at the angry Kennett. "We will meet again. So sure as God rules the elements that shriek like demons, with this right hand I will cut my wrongs. I have the new-born babe as I hate you, his parent. I will smite him! I will

make him curse the day of his birth, and you shall see him suffer a hell of torture. It may be years before the visit of wrath by this hand will be responded. Then, Martel Kennett, prepare for the shadow that enwraps the tomb, and teach your boy that he is doomed. Vengeance for the wrongs too long endured! Stand aside, and let me pass."

Sir Martel Kennett mechanically stepped aside, and saw his mortal foe reach the threshold of the armory.

"Farewell, but not forever," said the youth. "We will meet again. Heaven, earth or hell cannot separate us till the judgment day; and when I raise my hand for vengeance, all the powers that be cannot arrest its descent. You are doomed! Your son is doomed! The anniversary of your birth shall prove days of mourning. Farewell."

He waived his hand towards the master of Kennett, and flung wide the armory door.

The grating of the portal seemed to rouse Sir Martel from a lethargy. With a soldier's oath he darted at his foe, but a sudden gust of wind extinguished the light, and left him in almost palpable darkness.

From beyond the door, and far down the corridor, came a laugh, devilish, triumphant, and revengeful.

It was the cackling of his enemy. For a moment Sir Martel stood on the threshold, then he groped his way to the casement, found the lamp, and retreated in the gloom.

He descended to a room beneath the armory, and, while relighting the lamp, the faint cry of a babe came to his ears. He started.

"That is the cry of Kennett's heir," he said. "The Mortyn fiend shall not harm him. I swear it, by the souls of the saints! I will slay the villain on sight."

He finished speaking, and his eyes flashed madly. After a moment he picked up the lamp, and was leaving the room, when a peal of thunder broke over the castle.

Sir Martel's face suddenly grew pale, the lamp almost dropped from his hand, and he staggered back, gasping:

"Did the thunder speak? By the soul of my mother I heard a voice say: 'The Kennett name is doomed to destruction. Mortyn will keep his oath.'"

CHAPTER I.

COUGAR DICK'S WARNING.
I've warned thee, admitted thee, friend!
The danger, and the lurking enemy
And the sword that lies in the hand of fate,
And force upon free will hath been no place.

MARTIN.
The stars of the 9th of July, 1755, looked down upon the unexpected spectacle of a British army encamped in the wilderness of Pennsylvania. On the left of the army flowed the tortuous and beautiful Youghiogheey, which a few rods beyond the halting place debouched into the Monongahela. The rank and file of the invading force consisted of 1,500 men, and its leader was a soldier of tried merit—a victor in German and Spanish wars—Edward Braddock. For weeks the hardy soldiers had toilsomely marched through the unbroken wilderness, and that eventful night they were in good spirits, for their goal was near at hand.

On the morrow—the disastrous 9th—they hoped to rest within the bastions of Fort Duquesne. An easy victory had

been promised them, for it was rumored that the French intended to evacuate the fort. But, alas! they did not know that the man who seemed born for the purpose of defeating Braddock, stood under the very flag that waved over the ramparts. Had Captain Beaujeu never been born, the story of the fatal march would never be told.

The events that preceded the arrival of Braddock's army at the junction of the two rivers I have already mentioned belong to history, and the historical student will recall them as he reads. But let me sketch them in a few words, for the history of those times, though often related, will never grow old. Then the art of war was learned by a man who gave us in after times a nation—George Washington.

For ten centuries a national feud had existed between France and England, and this sentiment of utter dislike cherished by the colonies of the respective nations produced the fiercest of jealousies. The advocates of the contending parties differed essentially; the English were planters, the French, traders; but so long as the latter kept their stations in interior of the New World, away from the settlements of the former on the seaboard, commendable equanimity reigned. But when England wrested Louisiana from her ancient foe in 1763, the French resolved that the extension of British power in America should cease. When they made treaties of alliance with the Delaware and Shawnee, and commenced the erection of a cord of fortresses between Montreal and New Orleans, the English were aroused to effective action in defence of territorial rights conceded to them in ancient charters.

Strife and counter-strife grew hot between the rivals across the water, and tired of throwing bunches of turf, they descended the soil of Pennsylvania with their Irish blood.

The imprisonment of English traders who found their way to the Ohio region drew forth a remonstrance from Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia; but the remonstrance borne to the French by Major Washington were laughed to scorn, and both parties prepared for war.

General Braddock was placed at the head of the British forces in America, and in June he left Wills Creek (now Cumberland, Pa.), for the purpose of reducing Fort Duquesne, the most important of the French posts in the disputed territory. He was a veteran, as I have already said; he could brook no words from an inferior, and his arrogant spirit, tainted when it was too late, drenched the soil of Pennsylvania with his Irish blood.

But with this historical digression, let us return to the encampment, and behold a good drawing of the French, and a rather fanciful one of the British on a rough pine table. Around the boards was stretched a map of the disputed land, and beside it a smaller parchment, containing a good drawing of the French and their entrenchments. The furniture of the apartment consisted of several camp stools, and an officer's campaign stool, besides a good drawing of the French and their entrenchments. The furniture of the apartment consisted of several camp stools, and an officer's campaign stool, besides a good drawing of the French and their entrenchments.

Braddock, who partly faced the opening, uttered an ejaculation of astonishment, which caused Washington to raise his head, and the soldiers gazed on the unceremonious intruder upon the privacy of the battle council.

The intruder was an Indian, tall, slender, and warlike. His head was shaven to the pericranium, from which grew a long scalp-lock, enwreathed with horse feathers, and, as he moved, it swung on his cheeks, his person was not painted.

died in the uniform of a colonel in the colonial army, and a handsome sword hung at his side. His eyes were not fastened on the rude tunic before him; on the contrary, they rested on the company of red-coated men who stood about the table.

One of these men was a portly person of about five and forty. He looked like a soldier—he was a soldier, for he wrote his name, "Major General Edward Braddock." The colonial general was our country's hero—Washington.

Sir Peter Halket and Colonel Gage (afterwards so well known as the commander of the British forces in Boston at the beginning of the Revolution) were present; also other military men whose names and future deeds will be recorded hereafter.

It was the last council that the unfortunate Braddock ever held.

"I regret that I cannot convince my general of the propriety of sending a company of scouts in advance of the army," said Colonel Washington, in the calm voice that characterized him through life. "We will not meet the foe in open field, because he has no force to cope with us. It is known this, as well as we. The American Indian exhibits but his rifle when he fights, and when he falls, a foe falls. I would again assure the council that my Virginia are Indian fighters; they have repeatedly met the savage on his own ground, and after his own manner of fighting, and, with swelling pride, 'they have vanquished him! I will lead a company of scouts before the army, and if defeat then occurs, I will shoulder the blame.'"

All eyes were fixed on Braddock, as he replied with the fate of the day. The council was silent, and the Indian, as he spoke, there was a light like the gleam of resentment in his eye. His Iberian humor that often twinkled there was now missing.

"I will shoulder the defeat myself," he said, resolutely, looking sternly at the youthful Virginian. The soldier of the king comprised the van of my army, and no other shall precede them. This is not my first campaign, and I will show these insolent red fellows to-morrow that a British general cannot be taught how to fight them. The idea of a few half-naked Indians ambushing a disciplined army is the climax of absurdity."

A scornful exclamation ripped over Braddock's lips as he finished, and the pale, fever-worn cheeks of Washington, for he had left a sick bed to join the army, turned crimson. To conceal his chagrin, he turned to the camp and ran his finger across the parchment, covered with black lines and dots. His sensitive nature felt the wound as harshly inflicted, and Braddock, in a look at his fellow officers, seemed to gloat over the province's pain.

"I concur," began Sir Peter Halket, when the curians of the marquis were parted, and the sentence was never finished.

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He wore buckskin leggings, ornamented with dyed fringes, and a belt formed from the skin of the cougar girded his dusky loins. His right hand clutched a long-barreled rifle that rested on his left arm. It was a weapon of French manufacture, and on the butt, as the candle revealed, was this inscription, "Louisburg, 1745."

Washington's surprise exceeded that of his comrades, and he whispered to the British general:

"It is Cougar Dick. Richard is Cougar, the French call him."

Braddock, wondering how the young colonel knew this, was turning to question him when the intruder spoke:

"Cougar Dick comes from the council fire of the French," he said in deep-toned but remarkably good English. "He comes to tell the English to keep their eyes open, for the French and Indians will draw them between two fires. Cougar Dick does not want to see the English die like sheep; but if they follow the trail as they have, with no spies ahead, they will surely die thus."

Washington threw a triumphant look at Braddock.

"Are you not our foe?" asked the commander, fixing his eyes upon the Indian. "Your people are proverbial liars; why should I believe you?"

"When Cougar Dick lies, the great river will dry up," retorted the Indian, with flashing eyes. "There is a bad man in the French fort who says to the red men: 'Go out and fight the British and the long knife, and his words are making them hot for war. The British captain must keep his best trailers before; if he does not, he will march into some red man's belt. Cougar Dick has many miles to tell him this.'"

Braddock smiled and turned to his officers.

"Well, Kennett, what do you think of this?" he said, addressing a portly officer whose hair was streaked with gray.

"We must take the Indian's statement with many grains of allowance," was the reply. "He may be a spy."

The last sentence was finished abruptly, for the speaker found the Indian regarding him with devilish glance. Cougar Dick seemed to have encountered an enemy whom he had not met for years, and every member of the council noted his emotion.

"What says the English captain?" the Indian suddenly asked. "Cougar Dick has told him of the hidden foe."

"I will follow my own indications," said Braddock, haughtily. "I have command in the field before. No savage, though he be a chieftain, shall suggest for a British general!"

The Indian let his lips and his hand grew tighter on the rifle-stock.

"Those eyes! those devilish eyes!" he cried, among his mind. "Where have I encountered them before this night? When the general mentioned the Indian, the Indian started, and flashed me a look of vengeance. What am I to that host? What is he to me? And he looked at my eye as if to say, 'I know the boy to be a Kennett; I will mark him, too. Something terrible is to come of this meeting. I know it, for the Indian's look tells me so. But I will not shrink from the future. Come, and when you meet me, and cry for vengeance, they will find me a Kennett!'"

CHAPTER II.
THE FRENCHMAN'S COUNTRY.
"She is a woman, therefore may be won! She is a woman, therefore may be won!"

While Braddock was holding his last and memorable council of war on the banks of the Youghiogheey, another eventful scene was taking place not many miles from the British camp.

Near the margin of a stream that debouched into the Monongahela, about four miles below the fort, stood a small cottage, and to outward appearance, much like the one that had been a few years ago, and the cottage was empty.

For ten years he had dwelt in that cabin, and at the opening of his romance, he was a strong and not unkindly man of eight and thirty. He seemed to have the very same of the English; and his bitter enemy seemed that redoubtable borderman, surveyor, and spy, Christopher Gist—Washington's early friend—a character of history.

To the wilderness Red Dan brought a young girl, whom he said was his daughter. But she did not possess his nature. Her eyes were soft like the fawn's, her cheeks as fair as the river rose.

He called her Catherine, a name which the whites had abbreviated and nicknamed by saying Kate.

It was her hands that trained the housewife to climb the twisted sinews, and shade the window; and those same nimble fingers could handle the deadly rifle.

Not far from the cabin was Logstown, the Indian settlement; and not many leagues away, by Laurel Hill, was the small ruin of a fort, a remnant of the French and their strong arm.

While Braddock was convening his council, a man approached Daniel Seymour's cabin. His name did not admit of secrecy; for he walked erect in straight that bethed woods and stream in beauty, and his fingers toyed with the sword scabbard at his side. He wore the fatigues uniform of a lieutenant in the service of His Majesty the King of France, and he wore it as became a Frenchman. In height he was about five feet six inches, his shoulders were broad, and his entire physique was indicative of great strength. His gray eyes and well-cut features were very handsome, and a long nose made his lips. Surely he had not passed his twentieth year?

He came from the direction of Logstown, and when the cabin greeted his vision, he paused, with his eyes fastened upon it. After a moment's scrutiny that seemed to assure him that he could approach nearer, he moved on again until he reached the door which stood ajar.

A smile played with the hidden lips while he rapped delicately on the rough portal, and awaited a response. His very actions proclaimed him a woman.

In response to his rap a footstep was heard beyond the threshold, and when the door opened, the Frenchman stepped back and lifted his chin.

"Good night, my dear," he said to the girl who, with face flushed, stood in the doorway. "You seem alone; your father, I opine, is at Duquesne?"

"I know not where he is," replied the girl, in a kind that must have told the Frenchman that his nocturnal visit was not in the highest sense agreeable. "He left at daybreak, I suppose, as he was asked when he called. Doubtless he is at Duquesne."

"Provincials and Indians shall not



Braddock viewed the operations of his army, which were conducted in the most successful manner, and they gazed upon the

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

PLATE 10

[illegible][illegible]

A letter on either page. "I would not
 leave life of a single day, or a single
 thing more, but I would counteract what
 is poisoning it. What is it, a cancer,
 a tumor, or a disease, there is a cancer,
 and we can cut out the disease, which
 is the cancer."

We are too apt to ignore the evidence
 of our results in the admiration and
 praise of the world.

It is natural for being dusted by
 the sun's rays.

March 31, 1917

WHAT'S IN A KISS?

There is a formal kiss of fashion, and a kissing that means something. A father's kiss. A mother's kiss. And a sister's kiss to boot. There's a transient kiss for gold, like a serpent's charming coil, a sister's kiss. And a thrilling kiss of love. A meeting kiss. A wedding kiss. A kiss when road hogs meet, that the roadster can't get on with in the same way. A kiss to part forever.

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, JR.

(This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

Colonel Thompson, the president of the court-martial, thought it inexpedient to admit of testimony which could certainly have no bearing upon the already decided case. It had been claimed, he said, that the proceedings of the court were informal. But this would be an informality too great to admit of.

The younger members of the court, with soldierly gallantry, would not hear of the exclusion of the lady. The colonel himself was rather curious to hear what she would have to say. It was finally decided to admit her, despite the protest of Colonel Brownson.

She looked with much interest on the pale, beautiful face of the lady who appeared before them, in response to their summons.

The statement she had to offer surprised them greatly. It was to the effect that she had been the bearer of an order from President Lamar for the release of her father. It had, unfortunately, been lost. She asked for a suspension of their verdict until a copy of it could be procured.

Questioning the story of the loss of the document, the court was present to confirm this relation.

"How did you become acquainted with its contents?" asked Colonel Thompson.

"Through President Lamar himself," she answered.

"Then you did not read the document?"

"No, sir."

No conversation was held in a low tone between the members of the court. It ended in Colonel Thompson again speaking.

"I am sorry to say, Miss Ambery," he said, "that we cannot admit your statement to have any influence upon the decision of the court. That you possess a document procured from President Lamar, we do not doubt, but we have no sufficient evidence to believe the actor of that document, and are forced to proceed as if there had been no such paper in existence."

"Permit me to dissent from that conclusion," spoke Captain Allen, "but all eyes were turned in surprise on the speaker.

"On what grounds, sir?" asked the presiding officer severely.

"It is not yet settled that the papers are not in existence and forthcoming."

"It is acknowledged that they are lost. If they still exist, where are they?"

"Here," said the captain, drawing a sealed pocket from his pocket.

The excitement in the room was intense at this declaration. Major Ambery started, chiefly from the chair. His daughter gave a slight exclamation, and stood leaning for support upon a table, her face deeply flushed.

Colonel Brownson made a movement as if he would have snatched the papers from the hand that presented them.

"Will the court examine these documents?" asked Captain Allen, in a calm tone.

The members of the court were willing and curious to do so.

On opening the packet, it proved to contain an official order, signed by President Lamar, duly signed, and stamped with the seal of the Republic.

It stated that the executive had been informed of the extraordinary orders of Colonel Brownson, apparently designed to tie the hands of his subordinate officers against interfering with hostile movements of the Indians.

It justified Major Ambery in regarding these orders in the very delicate position in which he had been placed, and ordered that he should be discharged from arrest, and no court-martial convened.

The force of the document was to grant him a full pardon for the offense charged.

Allen had knelt her soul to his in the bonds of a deep affection. It was not strictly love at first sight, for hours of such peril as they had passed through together are like days, or weeks even, of calmer life.

Yet the mystery of his possession of the packet grew deeper to her as the moments passed. Could he have had it long? Could this have been the cause of his seeming ease in relation to his rival's suit? How had he obtained it?

This question was repeated in her mind, and was the uppermost thought on her next meeting him alone.

"To think of your having had it!" she said. "I cannot imagine how you obtained it."

"I think I can give you the answer to the riddle," he replied. "You must go back to that night in the woods when I left you, and went in company with Phil Sawyer, in search of the boat."

"I certainly shall not soon forget that night," she answered.

"During that walk, in the silent beams of the day, we passed a spot where Captain Wilson must have slept, after his escape from the Indians. On the spot we only saw a man, who had been entrusted to him, and which, in his haste and carelessness, he had left behind him."

"It was providential that you found it," she exclaimed.

"You may imagine that I lost no time in securing it, and that I proved a more faithful servant to the cause than I left you, and went in company with Phil Sawyer, in search of the boat."

"And you have had it all this time," she murmured. "And I troubled about its loss."

"I wished to give you a pleasant surprise," he replied. "I hoped also to give Colonel Brownson an unpleasant one."

"You certainly accomplished both purposes," she answered, smiling.

"Do not think that I had forgotten the letter which you gave me, and was taking her hand, and gazing warmly into her eyes. 'I have performed the task. May I not claim the prize?'"

"It is mine," she said, smiling, in a low tone, yet not withdrawing her hand. "Why did you not leave the effect to Captain Wilson?"

"Because I thought was not for myself, but for you," he replied. "I knew I was imperiling my future happiness, but nothing could have induced me to leave you alone in the hands of the savages, and seek safety in flight. Captain Wilson never loved you, or he could not have left you."

"She made no answer, but there was a warmer and softer light in her eyes than he had yet seen there."

"I would have died rather than have detected you in such dreadful peril," he said. "I take the loss of this document to linger near you and protect you. I shall not now claim it as my own, since fortune has enabled me to fulfill the pledge I made."

Her whole soul spoke in the answer, in which she gave him assurance of her love.

"You must let the curtain fall upon a scene into which the eyes of the curious should never be privileged to gaze."

And it is time we should part company with the characters whom we have accompanied through so eventful a period of their lives: first briefly describing the events that naturally followed those we have chronicled.

As for Captain Allen, he progressed as favorably as that of Captain Allen. She had been deeply impressed with the many qualities of the handsome man, and yielded to his persistent love with scarcely a show of coquetry.

"Am I willing?" said Joe Sawyer, on the subject being broached to him. "I thought, when I saw you, for I saw that on unwillingly in such cases invariably makes them worse. I'll say this though, you've got a good boy, and the making of a straight-up-and-down man. I'll say it if I can."

And you're welcome to a corner of Joe Sawyer's cabin till you can dig out for yourselves."

Joe Sawyer's cabin eventually grew into a mansion of some pretensions, and his plantation became one of the richest and most extensive in all that section.

Long ere this, however, Phil and Laura had married, and the latter, who was the happy owner of a home and farm that rivalled the paternal plantation.

Jack Gray continued to be more or less of a rover to the end of his life, doing good service, at a later day, against the Comanches. Much of his life time was spent in the homes of his friends, the Sawyers, and Phil fought by his side in more than one battle of arms with the Indians in after years.

We will not describe in detail the marriage of Captain Allen and his well-to-do wife. Suffice it to say that it was one of the most happy occasions of the age occurred in that section of country, and was succeeded by a life of unshaken happiness, in which Major Ambery fully shared.

Captain Wilson did not remain to witness the ceremony, but returned to the foreign United States shortly after the creation of a later day, against the Indians from the conflict of a second love.

As for Colonel Brownson, he had committed a serious error, and one which is not easily retrieved—that of not noting the signs of the times.

The purpose of the new government was finally fixed to the policy of removing the Indians from the conflict of the Republic. There was a strong party in opposition to this, however, and the President had seized the opportunity of administering a severe rebuke to the opposing party, and of placing his own policy before the people.

Colonel Brownson resigned his command, in consequence of what he proclaimed as the unjust action of President Lamar. The general feeling of dislike to which his action had given rise, both in the regiment and among the citizens, was the immediate incentive to his resignation.

service with his regiment in the Indian war which occurred in the autumn of the same year.

The Cherokees, stirred up, as he believed, by Mexican agents, repeated their raid on the white settlements in much stronger force than in the spring. After committing many depredations they were met by a strong force of Texans, and a fierce battle ensued, in which they were again badly defeated.

Colonel Brownson, their statue leader, was killed in this engagement, and the spirit of conflict thoroughly taken out of his followers.

The whole people were now satisfied that there was no trusting these savage settlers, and the government proceeded without delay to send them back to the Indian Territory, from which they had originally been expelled.

As for Lone Star, he settled down on the reservation of his tribe, and became, in time, a quiet farmer, with a dusky bride, and a family of young hopefuls about him.

There clung to him, however, throughout life, the memory of the white maiden who so deeply wounded his heart, and who, as he lay on his deathbed, remembered to him, and which, in his haste and carelessness, he had left behind him.

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"You may imagine that I lost no time in securing it, and that I proved a more faithful servant to the cause than I left you, and went in company with Phil Sawyer, in search of the boat."

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And you're welcome to a corner of Joe Sawyer's cabin till you can dig out for yourselves."

Joe Sawyer's cabin eventually grew into a mansion of some pretensions, and his plantation became one of the richest and most extensive in all that section.

Long ere this, however, Phil and Laura had married, and the latter, who was the happy owner of a home and farm that rivalled the paternal plantation.

Jack Gray continued to be more or less of a rover to the end of his life, doing good service, at a later day, against the Comanches. Much of his life time was spent in the homes of his friends, the Sawyers, and Phil fought by his side in more than one battle of arms with the Indians in after years.

We will not describe in detail the marriage of Captain Allen and his well-to-do wife. Suffice it to say that it was one of the most happy occasions of the age occurred in that section of country, and was succeeded by a life of unshaken happiness, in which Major Ambery fully shared.

Captain Wilson did not remain to witness the ceremony, but returned to the foreign United States shortly after the creation of a later day, against the Indians from the conflict of a second love.

As for Colonel Brownson, he had committed a serious error, and one which is not easily retrieved—that of not noting the signs of the times.

The purpose of the new government was finally fixed to the policy of removing the Indians from the conflict of the Republic. There was a strong party in opposition to this, however, and the President had seized the opportunity of administering a severe rebuke to the opposing party, and of placing his own policy before the people.

Colonel Brownson resigned his command, in consequence of what he proclaimed as the unjust action of President Lamar. The general feeling of dislike to which his action had given rise, both in the regiment and among the citizens, was the immediate incentive to his resignation.

The direct successor to the position thus left vacant was Major Ambery. There was an error in the text, as the name "Ambery" is misspelled in the original. It should be "Amberly".

"Well, no; rather of the antique order than otherwise."

"Oh," cried Rachel, "I'm glad I do not share the same old-fashioned ideas that look as if they were merely to be admired, not lived in as enjoyed. Uncle, what are you laughing at?"

"At your curiosity, my dear," replied the old gentleman.

"Then I won't ask another question," said Rachel, resolutely.

But she fully atoned for that deprivation by sketching on the tablets of her own fancy an endless variety of little Gothic structures, with bay-windows, and bellows covered with dimming roses, and homely-looking while Uncle Ben sat watching her from behind the screen of his newspaper, with the queerest of expressions on his brown old face.

"I'm almost sure I cannot order the thing," he said to himself. "If I should be disappointed in her! But, pooh! It's the only way to find out if she is worth my boy's love."

Presently the lumbering old carriage came to a standstill; but, to Rachel's surprise, in front of her fairy old, or low-slung, old-fashioned carriage, with varnished and flower patterns. A double-decked, unpainted farm-house stood a little back from the road, with its shutters hanging loosely by one hinge, and one or two grubby little boys were teasing their foliage in the wind.

"How dreary it looks!" thought Rachel, with a little shudder. "But Uncle Ben, on one of his visits, said to Rachel, 'Come, my dear,' he said to Rachel. 'Is this the place?'" she asked.

"This is the place," Uncle Ben answered, with a sudden paroxysm of coughing. "Glad to see you, my dear, as that useful mode of income became suddenly detached from its sole remaining source."

"What a poor Rachel! What were her sensations as she looked blankly around the neglected, dismal spot which was the sole realization of her fairy dreams?"

This the home Uncle Ben had given her. The little heroine felt as if she could repeat the unwelcome gift, and tell Uncle Benjamin plainly that she could not spend her life in a hole like this.

But then came other sad thoughts. Uncle Ben had meant kindly; they were poor, and could not afford to do more. With even a man, it was not over their heads. No; she must gratefully accept the present in the spirit in which it was given, and check in the land all her rebellious and unstable imaginings.

"I told you it was a cottage, you know," said Uncle Ben, keenly scrutinizing her face, as they stood on the doorstep, waiting for the door to be opened.

"Yes, I know," said Rachel, glancing round with brightening eyes. "That is a very comfortable-looking place, and the window, if it was only properly trained."

"It's rather homelike," said Uncle Ben.

"I like the country," Rachel answered hopefully.

As she spoke, a slipshod old woman appeared to let them in, and led the way to the best room, a green curtained apartment, with a red and green patterned floor, and a fire in the stove that emitted far more smoke than calorific.

"Smoky, old," said Uncle Ben.

"But I dare say it can be altered," said Rachel, brightly.

"I hadn't any idea the ceilings were so low," grumbled the old gentleman, and suggested, in a low, soft voice, that he really began to think she would make an Arcadian out of the tumble-down old farm. And if she shed a few tears on her parting, when she went to rest, under the eaves of the roof, in an apartment which must have been built for Tom Thumb, Uncle Ben Benedict never knew it.

There was the carriage at the door when Rachel rose from her breakfast of bread and butter and coffee the next morning.

"My dear, my dear," said the old gentleman, "I want to show you a place further up the road, which has been taken by a friend of mine."

The drive and the delightful tour to the new place, which was a fine old house, with a garden, and a picture of the style of Watteau awaited them, in the exquisite villa, with its rose-beds in full bloom, and its lawns, and its rustic on chairs stood under the bowing branches of the elms on the lawn, and a marble 'cupid, holding up a carved conch-shell, scattered bright rain into a flower-bordered basin directly in front of the gates.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Rachel, with a gasp. "I never saw such superb scarlet geraniums, and what a lovely marble paved hall!"

"You like the appearance?"

"Oh, yes; it's beautiful."

"Like the interior," said the old gentleman, serenely.

It was perfect, from the parlor, with its red and white carpet, and exquisite silk hangings, to the bedroom, all in white and pink, like the inside of a rose's heart, and the fairy conservatory, all stocked with camellias, heliotropes, and such like at the south and of the house.

"It is like fairyland!" cried Rachel, ecstatically. "Do tell me, Uncle Ben, what is the name of this place?"

Uncle Ben turned round and looked at her.

"You, my dear?"

And Rachel felt something warm and wet upon her cheek, like a tear, as the old gentleman stooped to kiss her.

When Hugh came home to find his little wife upon the veranda, all welcoming smiles to greet him, he exclaimed:

"Why, Uncle Ben, this is a perfect comedy."

"But none too good for the little jewel that inhabits it!" Uncle Ben answered.

And Hugh rode in the town that his young wife had won the capricious old gentleman's heart.

THE ORIENTALISTS AND OUR STREET STORIES

It is really very hard that the Orientalists will leave us none of what we fondly believed to be our own old stories, but prove to us that we have been begged, borrowed, or stolen all of them from the East. Cinderella, and Jack and the Beanstalk, and Blue Bird, we have been called on to give up; and the whole lot of them, in a very few years, will be as old as the hills.

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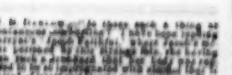
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